

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW — By Hanlon

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company

MABEL ENJOYS IN PRIVATE
A HUMOROUS TALE OF WHICH
SHE WAS FORCED TO WITHHOLD
HER APPROVAL
WHEN TOLD IN COMPANY.

ONLY A FEW
PERSONS KNOW
THAT MILDRED SITS ON
THE FLOOR TO
DON HER
HOSIERY

LIP STICKS.

THE
EFFECT
OF A CONFIDENTIAL
CONVERSATION ON THE
TELEPHONE DOLL.

SHE SAYS
HER PRAYERS
WITH HER MOUTH
FULL OF CANDY.

BEHIND THE SCREENS

HEARD AND SEEN :: A Column FOR and FROM Everybody :: By BILL PRICE

KAJI YAJIMA.

"Mme. KAJI YAJIMA, ninety years of age, is bearing to Washington a message from the women of Japan to the women of America, urging them to work for disarmament and the end of war."—Sunday's Washington Herald.

Even as spokesmen of the Christian West.

Political astrologers declaim:

"The world is still writhing for peace.

The Orient still lusts for conquest.

No peace is near."

With real for peace a flame.

Lo, KAJI YAJIMA is here!

Bowed with the weight of well nigh a

hundred years.

This aged mother, for all we know a

grand-dame.

Casting behind all doubts and fears

Across ten thousand miles of ocean

came

To bid her sisters of the West

Arise to banish war!

When like a prophetic of old

Yajima hither fared,

Who knows the dangers that she faced.

The perils that she dared

To proclaim anew:

"Peace on earth! Good will to men!"

If this be the faith of heathendom,

Prevent not, Lord!

Lord, let the heathen come!

JOE CONKLIN.

A kiddie told me, "Ef your

boy don't stop teasin' me my

mudder's gonna put a 'prayer'

on 'im. I'm scared, but I'm

sure it is not going to be the

PEANUTS.

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL HISTORY.

The loss by Tech High School of

the championship by one point

takes us back to the good old days

of 1903 and 1904 when she won and

lost to the wizard toe of HARRY

HUNT, now of the District govern-

ment. In 1903 Hunt set a record of

25 goals after touchdowns without

a miss as well as kicking numerous

drop kicks and goals from place-

ment for Tech, having played in

1902 for Western. In 1904 Tech and

Central clashed for the champion-

ship. Central scored the first touch-

down and kicked goal. Later in the

game Tech scored a touchdown at

the extreme west corner of the field,

making the angle the most difficult

possible goal, and Hunt was called on

to deliver the goods to tie the score

and save his team from defeat. With

only a yard of daylight between the

posts visible from such an angle the

ball shot true as steel across the bar

between the uprights. The cohorts

of Tech who remember the incident

only wish that Harry had been on

the gridiron for his old school last

week. In those days BRYAN

MORSE and COURTNEY CHURCH

were doing gallant service at West-

ern. SNOW, KIPP and COX were

carrying around for Central, and

CLYDE DUNNINGTON was per-

forming for Eastern, while

"TUBBY" BALLENGER and AL

DYKANE, JOHNNIE HERRING,

BACHUS, GIBB and a few others

were working out with Harry Hunt

in that powerful old machine at

Tech which Hexco coached and

"UNCLE" LOUIE MATTERN put

the pep in. — TECH FOOTER.

ADVERTISING OURSELVES.

READERS, if you're fond of

rhymes,

EVERY day just read The Times,

AND there you'll find what you

desire—

DOUBTLESS more than you re-

quire.

THE columns of its Heard and Seen

HAVE rhymes that are indeed

supreme,

EACH one will cause a hearty

laugh.

THERE you'll find truth, wit,

humor, chaff,

INDEED you'll find much good

advice,

METHINKS its columns will you

suffice;

EVERY one who will read with

care

SHOULD find their heart's desire

there.

B. A. READER.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Now my FIRST is like the saying

That two look much alike,

And my SECOND is a common word,

Amusful little tyke.

But my THIRD sounds quite a bit

like

A cussword often heard.

And my LAST of late has scath-

ingly

In numbers three referred.

MY WHOLE is something people

don't do

Who ride too much in cars.

BRIDGEPORT.

A "UNIVERSAL" MOVING PIC-

TURE OF LIFE.

Our turbulent lives are today,

Noth audience and "movie stars,"

One will some fool stunts play,

That another's nerves raspily jars.

Millionaires wed and divorce wild vamps,

A poor fiend slays his innocent wife;

Satan gleefully chuckles as death framps

In the wake of the bootlegger's strife.

Mimicking humanity would fain excel,

No matter what the ultimate goal,

Worldliness from most minds expel

Even thoughts of their God-given soul.

The sublime creed, the Golden Rule,

Lays dead in inconsideration's maw,

Some even classing one as a fool

Who dares quote this Heavenly in-

spired law.

Wealth, sensuality, recondency and

fame—

Each seeker therefore gets recklessly

held,

A world of sin in eternal death affame

Will find fiddlers like Nero of old,

U. J. MENARCO.

Who Remembers? - - By Dick Mansfield

